

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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LEXINGTON, KY., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, E. M. 302.

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\$1.00 A YEAR



DR. J. B. WILSON OF CINCINNATI

AS AMERICAN DELEGATE TO
THE INTERNATIONAL FREE-
THOUGHT CONGRESS TO
BE HELD IN ROME.

ITALY, IN SEPTEMBER 304, (1904).

The London Freeholder gives a graphic and inspiring report of the International Free Thought Congress held in Geneva, Switzerland, in September, E. M. 302. If this Congress would have been held in the interest of oratory, the press of Christendom would have rung with praises of its success, the ability of its delegates, and the gravity of the questions discussed. But ignored as it was, its influence in promoting every vice and artery in the civilized world. The Swiss Republic tendered the use of the University of Geneva for the sessions of the Congress. It is a fact that the orthodoxes of the world, and that in the City of Calvin, the most eloquent and thrilling arrangements of superstition ever made in Christendom were made and applauded to the echo. Another significant fact that should arouse American Free Thinkers to action, is that though four hundred of the most learned men and women in Europe were delegates to this Congress, yet the United States, which we claim to be the foremost of liberal thought, sent no representative, and England sent but one, when her thinkers and scientists have in great measure revolutionized the thought of the civilized world and paralyzed religious superstition. Three thousand Rationalist organizations took part in this splendid Congress, and strange to say, one hundred Free Thought Societies were represented. The speakers at the International Congress, there is something pathetic in the picture of men and women in priest-ridden Spain pleading pleading hands to the nations of the world, to join forces for the liberation of the human mind. There is life in that old land yet, and the human reason is struggling to free itself from the iron hand of priestly tyranny. The delegates to this Congress crowned with flowers the bust of the learned savant Carl Vogt, then forming in procession they marched to the statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau and laid a garland of flowers at the feet of the citizen philosopher, who from his fiery soul proclaimed the doctrine of human rights with such power that it is a flaming influence in the human mind today.

The speakers at the International Congress were in many languages, on a wide range of subjects, and delivered by both women and men with powerful eloquence. The stream of power flows from the land of Ingensort. The next International Congress is to assemble in the shadow of the Vatican, on September 20th, E. M. 304, and the Rationalists of the United States should at once proceed to be ably represented there.

The National Liberal Party should send an able and active delegate to Rome.

I, here and now, nominate Dr. J. B. Wilson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, as American Representative to the International Congress, which will convene in Rome, the "Eternal City," on September 20th, 304. Dr. J. B. Wilson will be a most fitting representative from the land of Ingensort, by his ability, loyalty, and splendid service to the cause of Rationalism, he stands in the front rank of the liberal thinkers and writers of the world. He is kindly, courteous and informed on all the questions bearing on the moral uplift of the human race, and in all ways on guard to defend mental liberty, and the human rights of the enslaved and oppressed. He is the combined pathos and polish of an Emerson and an Ingensort.

Let the movement now be placed on foot to send Dr. Wilson to Rome with a commission to place a wreath of laurels at the feet of the immortal Bruno, "whose statue stands the Vatican with the sunrise of Liberty upon its face." Here upon the spot where Bruno was burnt, let this distinguished American Free Thinker stand, and in words that glow and

burn, offer the homage of his native land, to the immortal Bruno whose temple was the universe, and who spoke to humanity the philosophy of Nature, which is not a doctrine, but a destiny.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

Versailles, Ky.

AN IMPORTANT

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.

Henry Watterson's Courier-Journal
Announces a New Policy.

During Three Decades the Louisville Courier-Journal has stood unalterably before the public as the representative of the great community of the people against both the Robber Baron, seeking through the accretion of ill-gotten money to steal away the people's liberty by stealing away their franchise rights, and the ready tool of the Robber Baron, the hand-picked politician, masquerading as a Statesman. A patriot the better to serve the ends of his master. In fulfilling this high function it has sometimes had to go fast and sometimes to go slow, sometimes to cry "halt," and sometimes to drive ahead; but never changing the directions of its movements and always true to the underlying principle of its being, expressed by the simple demand for "The Greatest Good to the Greatest Number."

With the advent of the new year, that is on the first of January, 1903, the Courier-Journal began a campaign which its looks are commanding results, and the better to reach the object it has before it, the twice-weekly edition was changed to a once-weekly edition, returning to the Old Weekly Courier-Journal, which for a quarter of a century was literally a political bible to millions of Americans who knew they could trust its prescience and its disinterestedness.

The new Weekly Courier-Journal is modern in every respect, and is a paper for the people. It is issued every Wednesday and Friday, and the eight-column pages are filled with the best work of the best writers. The price of the paper is \$1 per year, in advance, and it is well worth it.

By a special arrangement with the publisher of the Courier-Journal, I wish that each word written by him might be inscribed upon the fly-leaf of every Bible in Christendom, though even then, there would be little hope of its perusal by women.

He asks that women make demands for the emancipation of femininity, and says: "Stop railing at religion long enough to unite the infinite injustice practiced against the mothers of men." No one realizes this "infinite injustice" more than women, and the most for relief is pressing, but to stop railing at religion would preclude the possibility of accomplishing the emancipation of femininity, for women cannot be freed so long as we are dominated by the Christian religion, indeed, any permanent social or political reform is impossible while superstition reigns supreme. Christian tyranny is the foundation stone of our present unjust system and until it is demolished can the idea of justice to motherhood prevail. As long as women can be persuaded that they were cured in the beginning by divine decree, pronounced unclean by the infinite father and led by him to misery and subjection and humiliation by the head of the house of Christendom, though they long with the worshiper best desires to do—look only upon the surface for the cause of these afflictions, but we should probe the malignant force to its very depths. For 50 years the equal suffrage association has battled and bugged the political party only to be snuffed out by their male superiors and opposed by their snuffed Christian religion. For such the Temperance Unions have sought to accelerate the horrible condition of the victims of the law centuries the lovers of humanity have tried to find relief from the demoralizing necessity for prostitution. For

years legislators have been petitioned to grant a legal status to the innocent victim of the ill-fated issue of our "double code" system. Time out of mind the cause of personal, political, property and domestic rights has been fought on the platform, in the press and before the bar—and nearly always lost. Why? Because we have not stormed the citadel—the well nigh impregnable fortress of Christian Tyranny. No progress can be made—in fact, time is wasted, even though we capture the outpost seventy times over, for recruits are constantly supplied who defend to the death their so-called sacred heritage.

For years such atrocities as the one related by Mr. Hurt, as perpetuated against women, have burned themselves into my heart. I have sought for the cause long and diligently, and to my mind it is quite clear that the Jehovah of the Bible whose mandates have been crystallized into Canon Laws and executed by a selfish and villainous male hierarchy, is responsible for every injustice practiced against women. It is not strange that women are helpless victims. Had Elizabeth Cady Stanton attacked the Christian system of religion fifty years ago as she has done in the past decade, the world would be a different place. The great reformers of the past would have been made and the political reforms for which she labored would have followed the Christian reform as a natural and just sequence.

I am sure that all women reformers stand ready to denounce to the world the Christian religion, and the conditions which have existed for centuries, and years—stand ready to continue to work in the future as they have in the past, with hand and brain at home and abroad, in the hope that the Christian religion, the independent power of the

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MY REPLY

TO DR. WILSON ON SOCIALISM,
HAS THE PRESIDENT OF THE N. L. P. "FLEW DE COOP"

In Dr. Wilson's long article on "Party Problems," in the Blade of December 7, there is much that is true and moral, that ought to have been said, but there is some that is not true and there is a little that is immoral.

It is the height of folly to pretend to continue Dr. Wilson's article as being anything else, primarily, than a defence of Socialism.

I am laboring under great financial depression; and though I was born and reared an aristocrat, nearly all the circumstances and facts of my life lead me to sympathize with the poor and predilect me against the rich. Nearly all of the friends of my paper, which is the magna pars rich, are poor people, and my rich friends, though they are "friends" indeed, who are friends in need. I can count on the fingers of one hand.

Yet, while, undoubtedly, Socialism is a move in favor of the poor, and against the rich, I am not a Socialist. My enthusiastic regard, yes, admiration, you, love, Dr. Wilson, would restrain me from making issue with him except from a sense of duty, while policy, it would allow that to accuse me, would probably dictate that I should acquiesce in what he has said.

The first, and probably the only, thing in what he has said that I must unqualifiedly repudiate is in the following language:

"I would not give ainker's dam for a man who never smoked a cigar, never took a drink, never kissed but one woman, and who never voted but one ticket."

That is an immoral utterance. I said, recently, in my comment on some letter that had been written to me, about boys selling the Blade, that I wanted this paper to be such that no man, or woman, could refuse anybody for selling it, by pointing him to any immoral sentiment in it.

Dr. Wilson's only boy, like Mr. "Boomer's," is a daughter, and as girls are not liable to smoke cigars or take a drink, his suggestion has not such import to him as it only to me who have three boys and only one daughter.

I am not going to debate the propriety of the use of tobacco and liquor with Dr. Wilson. It would be a reflection upon his intelligence.

Of course I do not care a snap about a man's voting only as he votes, or voting all the tickets, and I have kissed some very sweet and pretty women in the presence of my wife and might do it when she was not present, but with all the interesting elements of complication between the clergy and the pretty sisters of their docks, and the scandals that fill our newspapers growing out of this, there was no demand that any great thing be said, as Dr. Wilson says, should issue, any pronouncements that seemed to presume there was danger of any shortage in the regular supply and demand of kismet, as there is in coal, for instance.

With my paper, then, barely able to keep the breath in its little body, I am in no shape to listen to infinite homilies on the duty of using tobacco and liquor.

A lot of fellows have tried to influence me to take out of my paper the words of Ingensort against the "Darned Stuff called Alcohol," and I can tell you that Dr. Wilson's utterance was a savior to the liquor business, and I won't have it.

The Doctor says: "Socialism would not take any man's farm from him, but it would make him divide the common heritage with his nature has stored upon its surface."

Dr. Wilson or any other man who lives, or ever did live, or ever will live, has no more right to make me divide with him, or with anybody else, anything that may be under the soil of my farm than he has to make me divide the tree, or horses or pigs or chickens that may be on the top of the soil of my farm, or than I have to go to Cincinnati with a gang of KKK Christian assassins and at the points of our six-shooters, make Dr. Wilson divide the money that he got by sticking into the craws of rich people, at \$10 a stick, with his hid gloves and silk ties on drugs some poor naked, hungry, black devil, got

by working for 5 cents a day of 16 hours, under the rays of a tropical sun, and Dr. Wilson, or any other man with half the "hoss sense" that a mule has, knows this as well as I do.

Dr. Wilson, for a little stick under my "fifth rib," suggested by the story of Ethel and Helen in the Bible says, in talking about the spread of Socialism in other places, that "Lexington is still in the woods." He is mighty right. "Interdivas ascendit querulus verum."

The Doctor's theology is all right, but when he comes into Dog Fennel, not true and there is a little that is immoral.

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Club Rates and Sample Copies.
The Blade will be sent for 50 cents a year each for any order for FIVE or more. Sample copies will be sent free.

"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.
I believe from the time it issues from the cooled and poisonous womb of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the death of the suicides of the insanity, of the poverty of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the seafoam upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever separate"—Grant.
"In no sense whatsoever is this government founded upon the Christian religion"—Washington.
"The divorce between Church and State should be absolute"—Garfield.

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"DOG FENNEL IN THE ORIENT"

CALL FOR SECOND ANNUAL CONGRESS OF NATIONAL LIBERAL PARTY

To the Freethinkers of the United States:

You are hereby earnestly requested to attend the annual congress of the National Liberal Party, in Lexington, Kentucky, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, January 23, 24, 25, 1903 (303).

The emancipation of the human mind from the bondage of theological dogma is the most wonderful progress since the days of the immortal

of hope, progress and unprecedented happiness.

To preserve the priceless fruits of their labor, and transmit them to those who are to come when we are gone, let us purpose our organization. It can only be done by the combined and co-operated work of the thousands of the liberty in America, and will confidently appeal to each and TO ALL OF YOU in this great move-

drums; but in spite of the culture of the drums, the drums were not to get that the black flag of Theocracy may float in triumph over the capital of the Republic. The Republic is the Republic of Paine and Jefferson in the darkness of the Middle Ages.

At the close of the 19th Century, I saw dawned on the minds of great thinkers that all men are created equal and that this principle conception of the 19th Century is the most marvelous and the happiest period in the history of the human race.

Previous to the Century of American Freedom the entire earth was filled with cruelty and barbarism and the people of the world were in the yoke of kingly tyranny, and priestly despotism. The very few of the people who had the light of knowledge and wrote had no illumination but the light of a candle, and the work of the people was in the darkness.

Unlike the 19th Century the 20th Century has dawned upon us with the spirit of kingship and priestcraft re-incarnated in the person of the Pope. The Pope will rally like our fathers to resist the power of kings, and priests, and the Pope will be the power to be forever lost, the Republic overthrown and the Pope of humanity.

In view of this appalling contemplation we confidently appeal to you, the people of the world, to meet at the conference and make it a memorable event in the history of our distracted world. Let us make it a day of prayer, saying that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Never before in the history of the world has there been more imperative demand for vigilance than now because it is an open battle between the forces of darkness and the forces of light which exists among the political potentates

man and beast. The human brain in this universal atmosphere of kingly and priestly slavery could know nothing of the laws of Nature and the chemical and physical properties of matter, nor of any of the processes of the earth, the priests of Mammon and the priests of Jehovah to extinguish the torch of liberty and remanage the peoples of the earth back to a state of serfdom and vassalage.

We, therefore, urge you to come to the aid of the millions of slaves who are suffering in the land of the living.

This awful goal that hung over the world like a funeral pall was dissipated by the rising sun of the Franklins, and their comrades. Their successful revolt against the miscreant tyrant, the slave, gave to the world a hundred years

to pay some time in the future. The great President, Lincoln, for the shade last spring and hope to make the world a better place.

THE FINEST OLD SAWBONES
In the State of New York, Except

My dear Mr. Springfield: I am very glad to hear that you are so well, and I think it will bring more subscribers. Please acknowledge receipt of the draft and accept best wishes for the success of all your yearning.

Yours fraternally yours,
C. S. GOVE.

Answer:—My dear Brother, you are very kind, but I do not want any body to send me any money for "Dog Fen" until I notify you of my intention to write the book. I have written the first three chapters, and I have written the book I "dog" Fen.

Yours fraternally yours,
C. S. GOVE.

His Wife—The Bosom Friend
Of Col. Ingersoll.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 29, 302.

My Dear Moore:—

I don't try to hurt Walter. He is probably "a Hinglishman," about the only class of people who spell A with an e.

I asked Webster about it and he said, "The e is superfluous and is now

I may not get enough subscribers, and something might happen—I might die for instance; I will be 65 on December 29, and I might never write the book; I have fair health and think the chances are in my favor, but it will be true enough to pay me when the book is ready.

My dear friend, if I came mighty near having the same birthday.

ABOUT "CRIMSON WHITE."

Please put me down for one Order on "CRIMSON WHITE" and the "Foghorn."

Tuscaloosa, Ala. Nov. 25, 1903.

Mr. Charles C. Moore:

Dear Sir and Friend—I was a little surprised to receive, in the Blade of Nov. 23rd, a letter from one Frank M. Lett, of the University of Alabama, supposed to be a State school, blaming me for having sent him a copy of the most moral papers now published.

I feel that I owe you an apology for it as it was I who sent the paper to him and I am real sorry that he should have been so misled.

Very respectfully,
S. W. WETMORE.

Comment.—This is the grandest

The paper and its editor. But that seems to be the idea of those who believe in vicious anointment—jump on the wrong fellow and punish him for one's own sins. I have been given deserved notice, and am surprised that you should condescend to notice him. He, like Ephraim, is "joined to his idols," and I suspect if you would tap him on the forehead you would hear an echo.

The University of Alabama pub-

ladies a college professor. "The Crimson White." I do not know how they got it. I do not know how it came out in the Crimson blood of '93, until one becomes as White as snow. They are nearly all "followers of the lamb."

"They have a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and a Young Men's League, and a Young Women's League, and a Y. M. C. A. at the college also. So you see they are hell-bent on keeping out of hell. But Peck, the poet, has as-

just as soon as his wife gets through talking on the great dead man, in the dead, lugubrious in any tender nother, then he was ten years ago. I am to spelling ax, I spell it ax, axel, axly.

The English don't know anything about the American language. When they go to the American people, they say they have to go to the foreign in any country school in Dor Fennel.

If there is any word in the world

"I'll be getting cold and chilly.
Preachers' talk is only gas;
Bible tales are counted silly;
Jonah's whale and Haham's age."

Find five cents for five blades of this week's issue. Put me down for five cents for five blades of this week's issue. Put me down for five cents for five blades of this week's issue.

Find Fannie in the Orient. I would like to see you in the Orient. I would like to see you in the Orient.

Send me five cents for five blades of this week's issue. Send me five cents for five blades of this week's issue. Send me five cents for five blades of this week's issue.

Yours fraternally,
N. T. HARRIS.

This cartoon appears in the Rand's Horn. A wise man sitting in a library surrounded on all sides by books of natural science history and geography. A prophet with flowing robes and beard enters holding aloft a scroll.

What I do know how to spell (It's just as I know how to know about jail and war knowing.

SUGGESTIVE PICTURES.

FROM A METHODIST.
Carlsde, Ky., Nov. 25, '02.
Editor Blade:
Gentlemen:—Please send Blade to
W. H. Cottichman, Cowan, Ky., and
thine enclosed amount. Put me down
for one Egg Food.
Respectfully,
R. C. KING.

WILL SEND A V.
Columbus, Wash. Nov. 25, '02.

Please wait a few days—say about Christmas, and you shall have a V for paper and books. I could not exist any longer without the Blade.

M. E. OADES.

